

Chaska Valley Herald.

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CHASKA, MINNESOTA.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

TUESDAY, Oct. 27.—The President has removed all the treasury officials in Texas, save one collector of customs and one collector of internal revenue, appointing to their places men of intelligence and character. The trial of Felipe, the adulterous agent, in progress at Fort Garry for the past twelve days, was ended Monday evening by the jury returning a verdict of guilty, with a recommendation for mercy. Sentence was deferred. Simon Wolf, an influential citizen of Green county, Ohio, was murdered and robbed of a gold watch and a large sum of money Saturday night. No clue to the murderer. Mary Morris, of Anderson, Ind., arrested there Wednesday for the murder of her son, Albert, committed suicide Monday in jail by taking poison. Dr. W. A. Rastland and Fred K. Norris, two prominent citizens of Meyer county, Kentucky, got into a personal difficulty Monday, which ended in a shooting affray, during which Eastland was shot five times, causing his death. A protestant trial of Kullman for the attempt to assassinate Bishop began at Würzburg yesterday. The prisoner admitted his guilt and said that the attempt was made to remove "the worst and maddest enemy of the Catholic church."

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 28.—The produce shipments for last week New York amounted to but \$4,143,516—the smallest aggregate of any week for a long time. A committee of the Union League of America waited upon President Grant yesterday, and presented a series of resolutions thanking him for the appointments of Hon. Marshall Jewell and Hon. H. B. Brewster to important positions in his cabinet, and also for his efforts to weed out corrupt and inefficient officers, as shown in the removal of appointments in Texas. It is announced that the National Council of Union Leagues of America will assemble at Cincinnati 15th January next, when measures will be taken to effect a thorough reorganization of the League throughout the country. Mrs. Kate Dawson, wife of Thomas E. Dawson of Louisville, suicided Tuesday night by poison. A freight train was derailed near Fairfield, Iowa, yesterday, and the driver, Joe Ingram, was seriously injured. All the other attaches of the train escaped injury. In a political discussion at King William Court House, Va., Tuesday, between J. B. Sener, Rep., and B. Douglas, Dem., the parties got into an altercation during which Sener had an arm broken and was otherwise injured.

THURSDAY, Oct. 29.—At an election in Eastbourne Wednesday for members of the city council the Democrats carried the city by 10,000 majority. Gen. Grant is reported as saying that all the "third term" talk grew out of a certain newspaper, and not from anything he said or intimated on the subject. Chancellor McGraw, Republican, whose district embraces nearly one-third of Alaska, writes that he does not know nor has he heard a single well authenticated case of outrage or personal violence on opinion's sake through all the length and breadth of that State. It was snowing at Salt Lake and Bismarck all day yesterday. At the latter place a depth of four inches was reached. The first National bank of Salt Lake has suspended. A telegram last night from Greenacres, Ind., reported the town burning, and called on adjacent towns to furnish assistance. Disastrous timber fires are reported in the vicinity of Newcastle, Ohio and Georgetown, Ill. The former is reported as spreading most alarmingly, destroying fences, endangering houses, killing vast areas of growing timber, and causing great consternation among the inhabitants. At the latter a large area of timber has been destroyed and the fire still rages northward, standing the united efforts of the whole country to check it. A Mrs. Leslie of Springfield, Ohio, enroute to San Francisco, while changing cars at Toledo last night, had her pocket picked of \$1,900 in money and drafts. Charles Wagner of Chicago yesterday shot and killed Frank Romburg, a saloon keeper, whom he accused of seducing his wife and of conducting a gambling establishment at which they had separated. A San Francisco dispatch reports an attempted revolution in Lower California. The insurgents plundered and murdered successfully until reaching St. Lucas, when the citizens gave them battle, killing thirteen including the leader of the band, thus ending the insurrection. A Berlin dispatch says Count von Arnim has been released on 100,000 thalers bail. It is also stated he will not be permitted to leave the country while awaiting trial. Sir Hercules Robinson, for the British Government, has established a provisional government in the Fiji Islands. The annual revenue from the island is estimated at \$125,000. At a sale of short horns at Paris, Ky., yesterday, twenty-one cows and heifers were sold at an average of \$1,195, and 14 bulls at an average of \$1,195—a total of \$23,715. Internal revenue receipts for this month will be about \$9,000,000.

FRIDAY, Oct. 30.—The application of P. P. Wintermute, the banker who shot and killed Secretary McCook at Yankton, D. T., a year since, to be discharged from jail on account of failing health, was argued before Judge Kidder at Vermillion Wednesday, and taken under advisement. The Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce has appointed a committee to canvass that city for all the Nebraska sufferers. Gov. Leslie of Kentucky has

offered a reward of \$9,000 for the capture of the masked men who recently shot a young negro girl in Shelby county, that State. Major Schofield, commanding a pursuing column in the Indian country, has captured sixty-nine warriors and two thousand ponies. Capt. Carpenter with his column, was in hot pursuit of a large party, thought to be Louie Wolf's. Mrs. Anna Mosby, wife of Col. R. M. Mosby, and grand-daughter of Gov. Dewey of Virginia, committed suicide at Anchorage, Ky., yesterday, by throwing herself in front of a railroad train. She had been married but ten days. The threat of \$23,000 in Nicholson parent bonds from the Mayor's office of Memphis, has been discovered. Suspicion rests upon a clerk recently discharged. The fire at Greencastle, Ind., Wednesday night destroyed about thirty buildings, involving a loss of nearly \$350,000, with only a small amount of insurance. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary. A fire at Plymouth, Pa., yesterday destroyed property to the value of \$100,000, insured but for \$6,000. A collision occurred in New Orleans yesterday between Gov. Kellogg and Major E. Burke growing out of political differences. Burke stopped the Governor as driving home, and attempted to horsewhip him, when the Governor drew a pistol and fired a half dozen shots at his assailant without effect. The parties were then separated. The trial of Kullman for the attempt to assassinate Bishop began at Würzburg yesterday. The prisoner admitted his guilt and said that the attempt was made to remove "the worst and maddest enemy of the Catholic church."

SATURDAY, Oct. 31.—A controlling interest in the Chicago Tribune has been purchased by Mon. Joseph Medill, who will assume the editorial management November 9th, at which time it will be again a Republican organ. Three elections will take place in Pennsylvania on the 12th of November—Udlerbrook at West Chester, and O'Meara and Ervin at Montrose. The Midway, N. H., five cents savings bank has suspended, with liabilities of half a million dollars, covered, it is believed, by its assets. George H. Kingsbury, bank teller of Boston, has been detected in the embezzlement of \$31,000. The celebrated trotting horse Gipsy, owned by Budd Dobbie, died at San Francisco yesterday, of lung fever incurred on a trip to there from the East. Owing to the prevalence of yellow fever in Charleston, S. C., the U. S. troops stationed there have been removed to Summerville. The federal gullotine continues its work in Texas. The last change is the removal of Theop. O'Chilleau from the Marshalship of the eastern district, and the appointment of Lemuel D. Evans to his place. Evans was formerly State Judge and is now a member of Congress. Forest fires are raging in several counties of Indiana and Ohio, and great damage is reported. The Belcher mine, Nevada, took fire yesterday and a great destruction of property is feared. All the miners were got out safely. Chief Justice Nelson of New York has denied the motion made by counsel for Henry Ward Beecher to compel Theodore Tilton to furnish a bill of particulars, specifying the times and places the alleged improper intimacies took place between Beecher and Mrs. Tilton. The foundry and machine shops of C. J. Dermont of Cincinnati, were burned yesterday, involving a loss of \$55,000; insurance \$32,000. Several grain and lumber vessels were lost during the late gale on the lakes, but so far as yet reported there was no loss of life. Kullman who attempted to assassinate Prince Bismarck, has been sentenced to fourteen years imprisonment in the house of correction, and ten years suspension of his civil rights and surveillance of the police.

MONDAY, Nov. 2.—At the great race at San Francisco Saturday, between Fullerton and Occident, the latter was the winner, Fullerton taking the first heat and Occident the two last. Time 2:10, 2:18, 2:23 3/4. It is estimated that fully \$50,000 changes hands. Geo. Brown has accepted the challenge of J. N. Sailer, the English champion, to row a five mile race with him for \$5,000, the race to take place at Halifax, N. S., or Springfield, Mass. Another heavy failure is reported in New York—John Lottig & Co., importers of wine. A fire in Selinsgrove, Pa., Friday night, destroyed property to the value of \$120,000. David Hastings, foreman in Woodruff & Robinson's store, New York, was fatally bitten Saturday by two hoppers whom he had caused to be discharged. Contributions for the relief of the suffering farmers of Nebraska are going forward liberally. An illicit whiskey distillery in Brooklyn was seized Saturday. The property seized and destroyed was valued at \$75,000.

DEEDS OF DARKNESS IN SHELBY COUNTY, KY.
From apparently reliable sources it is reported that in Shelby county, Ky., Saturday night, a band of masked men visited a religious meeting, but did no violence beyond hitting several persons as they came out of church. Afterwards they went to the house of Thomas Ford, white, where they whipped three negroes, and threatened Mr. Ford with the same treatment unless he discharged those employed by him. From Ford's party went to the house of a negro named Barrington and called for one to come outside, where his refusal to do so, they fired into the house, one ball striking the daughter of Barrington, sixteen years old, who was sleeping on the floor, putting out her eye and burying herself in her shoulder. Two of the band then broke the door, and after cursing Barrington, rode off. At last accounts the wounded girl was still living, but in a precarious condition. It is probable that Gov. Leslie will take immediate steps to capture and bring to justice the murderous wretches.

MILWAUKEE Produce Board, Nov. 2.
Wheat steady; No. 1, 93¢; No. 2, 85¢; No. 3, 80¢; No. 4, 75¢; No. 5, 70¢; No. 6, 65¢; No. 7, 60¢; No. 8, 55¢; No. 9, 50¢; No. 10, 45¢; No. 11, 40¢; No. 12, 35¢; No. 13, 30¢; No. 14, 25¢; No. 15, 20¢; No. 16, 15¢; No. 17, 10¢; No. 18, 5¢; No. 19, 0¢; No. 20, 0¢; No. 21, 0¢; No. 22, 0¢; No. 23, 0¢; No. 24, 0¢; No. 25, 0¢; No. 26, 0¢; No. 27, 0¢; No. 28, 0¢; No. 29, 0¢; No. 30, 0¢; No. 31, 0¢; No. 32, 0¢; No. 33, 0¢; No. 34, 0¢; No. 35, 0¢; No. 36, 0¢; No. 37, 0¢; No. 38, 0¢; No. 39, 0¢; No. 40, 0¢; No. 41, 0¢; No. 42, 0¢; No. 43, 0¢; No. 44, 0¢; No. 45, 0¢; No. 46, 0¢; No. 47, 0¢; No. 48, 0¢; No. 49, 0¢; No. 50, 0¢; No. 51, 0¢; No. 52, 0¢; No. 53, 0¢; No. 54, 0¢; No. 55, 0¢; No. 56, 0¢; No. 57, 0¢; No. 58, 0¢; No. 59, 0¢; No. 60, 0¢; No. 61, 0¢; No. 62, 0¢; No. 63, 0¢; No. 64, 0¢; No. 65, 0¢; No. 66, 0¢; No. 67, 0¢; No. 68, 0¢; No. 69, 0¢; No. 70, 0¢; No. 71, 0¢; No. 72, 0¢; No. 73, 0¢; No. 74, 0¢; No. 75, 0¢; No. 76, 0¢; No. 77, 0¢; No. 78, 0¢; No. 79, 0¢; No. 80, 0¢; No. 81, 0¢; No. 82, 0¢; 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A COLLEGE GARDEN REVERIE.

["L'homme propose," etc.]
Yonder a stone-throw from the rest of
The gray old college rises through its
leaves,
Bright with the arrow glinting summer-
shine,
Sweet with the birds' dainty, neat
shadowed eaves.

How fair, familiar, and unaltered still,
That glimpse of roof, that sunlit gable
end
Those gay flowers, gemming that deep
window sill,
That ivied archway, and that cloister
leant!

There slopes the lawn away beneath it
trees:
There peep again the college walls be-
yond,
There, as of old, in white majestic
eave,
The swans move, oaring up the lilted
pond.

The graybeard gardener, with his swing-
ing scythe—
Lo! how he shaketh! He is too old to
mow,
It seems but yesterday, I saw him blithe
And young. Ah! well! we must older
grow.

It seems but yesterday that here we
walked
And sat and smoked, my own best friend
and I,
Gay, happy-hearted lads, and fondly
talked,
And planned our tatters and their hon-
ors high.

How both would win a fellowship, and he
Should plead and question, wearing wig
and gown,
And I should don the sober suit, and be
—Quickly, of course—a shining light
in town.

Then came old gold-green June, that some-
what hid
Our wig-and-mitre dreams, and made
them thought,
How fleet and fair the sweet flower season
sift!
How of the present was our only thought.

How the old place was changed and sud-
den much
Vocal with merry maidens voices sweet!
Bright with gay gleams shot down the hap-
py shade,
Flashed through by rare white: launds
and fairy feet.

And one there was who drew us to one
spot,
And made us meet—no more in friend-
ship fair,
In love of her, our own love was forgot;
And where she was, there we two al-
ways were.

So late rose up between my friend and
me
Poor, pretty girl! She could not love us
both.
"Ugh! win your mitre and your wife!"
sneered
I gazed, and called him "Judge," and
made him wroth.

O friendship, faded like this fleeting
shade,
O this way planned, O that way acted
life!
He lived and glided in Oxford, I, in trade,
He won his fellowship, and I, the wife.
—Temple Bar.

How Poker Jack Interviewed Lan- dauit Williams.

(Correspondence of the St. Louis Republi-
can.)
There is McClure—Poker Jack they call
him—perfect type of the American
carpet-bagger. The best illustration
I can give of Mr. McClure's charac-
ter is by describing an interview be-
tween him and Attorney General Wil-
liams last winter, after the Adminis-
tration had acted in favor of Barker.
McClure came to Washington with his
blue eyes full of blood. The opinion of
the Attorney General had struck him
in the region of the diaphragm, and to
say he was mad would be to draw it
very mild. He went up to the Depart-
ment of Justice and demanded to see
Williams. That functionary received him.

"I am Chief Justice McClure of Ar-
kansas," he began, "and I have read
your opinion on the case recently decid-
ed by the President. Now, sir, I wish
to say that the papers on which you
based your opinion and which you re-
ferred to as having been certified to you
by the clerk of my court, are either forged
or garbled."

"What do you say, sir?" asked the
astounded Attorney General. He had
been accustomed to the behavior of the
lucky on the part of the traditional
carpet-bagger, but there was one play-
ing the bully. It was incomprehens-
ible to the Attorney General.

"I say, sir," replied the imperturb-
able McClure, "that I believe those pa-
pers are either forged, or that new mat-
ter has been interpolated in them; and
I say further, sir, that the reputation
of your department and the known
character of yourself incline me to the
belief that these frauds have been en-
acted in your office and by your instig-
ation or connivance."

"What do you mean, sir?" gasped the
breathless Williams.
"I mean just what I say," replied
McClure, still as cool as a refrigerator,
"and I want to see the originals of those
papers which you claim have been cer-
tified to you by the clerk of the court."

"I have sent them to the Senate,"
said Williams.
"You talk like a man who is lying,"
said McClure. "In fact, sir, I believe
you are lying. Not to put a fine point
upon it, you are a d-d liar, sir. Original
papers are never sent to the Senate
or the House except by special
demand for them. The resolution of
the Senate in regard to these papers
called for copies, and copies were sent
you. Do not wish me to see the originals,
sir, for fear that I will detect the inter-
polations that have been perpetrated in
your office. I believe you have been
bought up in this matter, sir."

At this Williams turned and left the
room. His chief clerk then came up to
McClure and said, "I regard your re-
marks as a personal insult to myself."
"Go to h—!" said McClure. "You
don't know the difference between an
insult and apology. There is not a
man in this department who is capable
of resenting anything. Don't talk to
me at all, sir." Then Poker Jack
stroked his long beard, walked up and
down the room for a few minutes, and
took his leave.

—Susan B. Anthony says she was al-
ways so from the time she saw her
father put the iron heel of despotism on
her mother's neck.

—The grand jury of New Orleans
have 600 cases of fraudulent registra-
tion before them and 2,000 more to
be presented.

THE MOSS-GATHERER OF MONTEREY.

(From the Overland Monthly.)

Twenty years ago Monterey, that
quaint, dreamy town of the past, which
has never caught the feverish inspira-
tion of the present, was little different
from the Monterey of to-day. The
wars of the outside world, the bug-
makings, and revolutions, and discov-
eries, and inventions, had no power to
send a single thrill of interest or excite-
ment through the veins of her summa-
rent Spanish population. So long as
the roses bloomed, and the winter rains
made the hills green for the immense
herds of cattle which then tenanted
the Salinas plains—now a great harvest
land—so long did the people of Monte-
reigh, proud of their long streets, and
beach, their roses, and the dark beauty
of their daughters, take the pleasant
afternoon siesta, and dance to the mu-
sic of the guitar at carnival time.

Twenty years ago, as to-day, the cattle
ranged through the quiet streets, and
the same loving hands that planted
feeble rose-cuttings, now, with less of
the dimpled molding of yore, cull with
the same delicate care the buds from
the mature trees.

On a glorious May day in 185-, as
sunbeams crept over the pines that
timed the hills in the rear of the town,
a young girl stood on the beach watch-
ing the receding tide. As the sunlight
silvered the long reach of sand and glis-
tened on the wet rocks, it touched with
glowing splendor a face of singular beau-
ty, with features as clear cut as a cam-
eo. Juana, the daughter of an old
whaler who for many years had
followed the leviathan in the lagoons of
Southern California, had been awak-
ed by the staving in of a boat made him
acripple, and, except his little adobe
homestead and the labor of Juana, he
had nothing in his old age to depend
on. She was a moss-gatherer, who
made pretty picture frames of shells
and sea-weed and sold them to the
crews of naval and merchant vessels.

An early riser was Juana. The dawn
saw her on the beach where the tide
glided her occupation, and the porch
of the adobe cottage was a wilderness
of crimson, white, and yellow roses. Her
beauty was not of a sleepy, indolent
sort, so characteristic of the Spanish
women. It had more of the animated
grace and little supple vigor of the fish-
ermen's daughters of the British is-
lands.

"Madre de Dios!" said she, softly,
as she sprang from the top of a treach-
erous granite rock to the sands, "how
those strangers are carrying off my
shells! This beach is being ruined by
those people. I shall soon be without
material for a single picture-frame."

Now Juana's labors, though Monte-
reigh was still shimmering, were not un-
observed. A young man stood on the
bluff above the beach, looking down in
intense admiration at the barefooted
beauty below. He wore the loose gray
clothes of a tourist, and from the sea-
glasses that hung by his side, was evi-
dently out early to observe the sunrise.
Clambering down the rocks with a sure-
footed ease that indicated the experi-
enced mountaineer, the stranger drew
nearer, and with an anxious, but un-
expressed expression on his handsome Saxon
features, Juana's contest with an envi-
ous wavelet for the possession of a rare
bit of moss. "Bravo!" he cried, as
returning from successful rush into
the spray, she carried off her prize.

The moss-gatherer turned quickly
and blushed in the most charming man-
ner imaginable as she hastily arranged
the short petticoat which clung limp
and lovingly to her pretty ankles. The
stranger took off his hat and apologized
for his presence.

"Ah, señor," said the moss-gatherer,
"are you, too, looking for shells on my
beach? Well, you shall have some, as
you are out so early. Come and I will
show you where the tide has thrown them
up." And quite recovered from her
first embarrassment, she beckoned him
to follow her over the rocks. John
Thorp, from the London drawing
rooms, and in search of a health broken
down by the dissipation of a London
life, mentally decided that this was the
most delightful adventure he had met
with since he shook the dust of Bond
street from his feet. He followed her,
and when after an hour's scramble he re-
turned, wet and weary, to the hotel, he made
an entry in his diary that his morn-
ing's lesson in conchology was more in-
teresting than any he had ever heard
from the lips of his Oxford professor.

And Juana, avenged to herself it was
a pity that this young Englishman, who
said such odd things in such a nice way,
should have such pale cheeks, and get
so tired from the exercise that only re-
freshed her for the labors of the day.
That afternoon, as her deft fingers wove
the mosses into a tasteful pattern, her
father's voice summoned her to the ver-
anda.

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he was on the sands awaiting impatiently
the arrival of the whaler. As he
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glanced at him by his side, was evi-
dently out early to observe the sunrise.
Clambering down the rocks with a sure-
footed ease that indicated the experi-
enced mountaineer, the stranger drew
nearer, and with an anxious, but un-
expressed expression on his handsome Saxon
features, Juana's contest with an envi-
ous wavelet for the possession of a rare
bit of moss. "Bravo!" he cried, as
returning from successful rush into
the spray, she carried off her prize.

A Ghost on Horseback.

The appearance in London of the
ghost who styled herself "Katie King"
has caused a raking up of all the ghost
stories of the past 100 years, and the
Rev. Bourchier Wray, Saville, M. A.,
has published a book called "Appari-
tions: A Narrative of Facts," in which
a great many remarkable stories of
this kind are given. Perhaps the most
wonderful of all of them is the follow-
ing, which was narrated by the Rev.
John Jones, of Holiwell, who was saved
from being murdered by a ghostly
horseman. Mr. Jones was riding from
Bala to Machynlleth on missionary busi-
ness, and this is the account he gave of
what happened on the journey: "When
I had performed about half of my jour-
ney, as I was emerging from a wood-
stepped decline, I observed coming towards
me a man on foot. By his appearance,
judging from the sickle which he carried
sheathed in straw over his shoulder, he
was, doubtless, a reaper in search of em-
ployment. As he drew near I recog-
nized a man whom I had seen at the
door of the village inn of Llanfyllen,
where I had stopped to bait my horse.
On our meeting he touched his hat, and
asked if I could tell him the time of day.
I pulled out my watch for the purpose,
noticing at the same time the peculiar
look which the man cast at me. He
said, 'Nothing else.' He then, as if by
accident, occurred to excite my suspicion
on my part, so wishing him a 'good af-
ternoon,' I continued my journey. When
I had ridden about half-way down the
hill, I noticed something moving, and
in an instant I perceived that it was
myself, on the other side of a large hedge,
which ran nearly parallel with the road
and ultimately terminated at a gate
through which I had to pass. At first
I thought it was some kind of animal,
but soon discovered by certain de-
pressions in the hedge that it was a
man running in a stooping position. I
continued for a short time to watch
his progress with some curiosity, but
my curiosity soon changed to fear
when I recognized the reaper with
whom I had conversed a few minutes
before, engaged in tearing off the straw
band which sheathed his sickle. He
hurried on until he reached the gate,
and then concealed himself behind the
hedge within a few yards of the road.
I did not then doubt for a moment but
that he had resolved to attack—per-
haps murder me. The sickle of my
watch, and whatever money I might
have about me. I looked round in all
directions, but not a single human being
was to be seen, so, reining in my horse,
I asked myself in such a moment what I
could do. Should I turn back? No;
my business was of the utmost im-
portance to the cause for which I was
journeying, and as long as there existed
the faintest possibility of getting
home, I would not turn back. Should I
trust to the speed of my horse and
endeavor to dash by the man at full
speed? No; for the gate through which
I had to pass was not open. Should I
leave my horse and endeavor to make
my way through the fields? I could not,
for I was hedged in by rocky banks
on both sides. The idea of risking a per-
sonal encounter could not enter my
head, and I was left with the choice of
weak and unarmed—have against a
powerful man with a dangerous weapon
in his hand! What course, then, could
I pursue? I could not tell, and at length
I decided to try a desperate and un-
humble trust and confidence. I bowed
my head and offered up a silent prayer.
This had a soothing effect upon my
mind, so that refreshed and invigorated
I proceeded to consider the diffi-
culty of my position. At this juncture
my horse, growing impatient at the
delay, started off. I clutched the reins,
which I had let fall on his neck, for the
purpose of checking him, and in hap-
piness I saw that my horse was not
astonished by my no longer alone.
Then by my side I beheld a horseman
in a dark dress mounted on a white
steed. In intense amazement I gazed
at him, and he gazed at me. I was
frozen. He appeared as suddenly as if he
had sprung from the earth. He must
have been riding behind and have
have overtaken me. And yet I could
not hear the least sound. It was
mysterious, inexplicable. But the
joy of being released from my perilous
position soon overcame my feelings of
wonder, and I began at once to address
my companion. I asked him if he had
seen the white horse that I once
sought to enter into conversation
with my deliverer, but again
without the slightest success. Not a
word did he deign to give me in
reply. I called out, however, "What
are you doing? I saw you on my way
towards the gate, though I confess feeling
both surprised and hurt at my companion's
mysterious silence. Once, however,
and only once did I hear his voice.
Heaving up the figure of the reaper
disappeared over the brow of the
neighboring hill. I turned to my com-
panion and said: 'Can it be for a moment
be that that my prayer was heard,
and that you were sent for my deliver-
ance by the Lord?' Then it was
I thought I heard the horseman speak,
and that he uttered the single word,
'Amén.' Not another word did he give
utterance to, though I tried to elicit
from him replies to my questions both
in English and Welsh. We now ap-
proached the gate, which I hastened to
open, and having done so with my sickle,
I passed through it, and he came not to
pass through; but he came not, I
turned my head to look—the mysteri-
ous horseman was gone! I was dumb-
founded. I looked back in the direc-
tion from which we had just been riding,
though I could command a view of the
road for a considerable distance, he was
not to be seen. He disappeared as
mysteriously as he had come."

"Did you ever notice that a bor-
rowed umbrella often turns inside out
as soon as opened, or has a hole in the
top about the size of a pie plate?"

"It makes one feel rather mean to
have the poison he has prepared for
rats get into the pudding and lay out
two or three of his friends, but poison
is only thing which has any effect on
rats."

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Introduction of Swedish Turnip in
Great Britain.

The New York Tribune says:—A
somewhat romantic story accounts for
the introduction of the Swedish turnip
into Great Britain. Mr. Miller was an
eminent farmer near Dumfries, in Scot-
land. He had been sailor in his youth
and had of course been wrecked upon a
lee shore. From that disaster he con-
ceived the idea that a ship that could be
moved by paddles would be a good
thing to have while cruising off lee
shores. He carried his idea into execu-
tion and built a vessel fitted up with
paddles which could be worked by
means of a windlass. This he offered
to the British government, by whom it
was refused. He then offered it to
Charles XIII. of Sweden, who accepted it,
and in return presented the Scotch
farmer with a gold snuff box set with
diamonds. In the box was a piece of
paper in which a few small seeds were
wrapped. These Mr. Miller sowed upon
his farm, and the result was Swedish
turnips, or rutabagas. Thus we owe
this valuable root, or at least our
knowledge of it, to the shipwreck of
Mr. Miller upon a lee shore. Of course
we fully believe it.

A Perfect Yeast.

Sift a pint of flour, pour boiling wa-
ter on it till thoroughly wet, stir well
the mass to be rolled out flat on a
board or table top. Cut it into squares
and dry in a brisk wind. Put not a hot
sun. If kept perfectly dry, this yeast
will remain good for a year or more,
but is best when made every three or
six months.

Experiment With Potatoes.

Potatoes of large size are said to be
produced by a monk in France, by cut-
ting two side shoots from each stalk
when it is five to seven inches high, and
setting them in good, rich, mellow gar-
den soil. In a few days they send out
roots, and form tubers about as early
and in as large quantities as the origi-
nally planted ones. The potatoes do not
seem to be injured by the moderate
pruning. The experiment also seems to
have been successfully tried elsewhere
previously. The plan may be found es-
pecially serviceable in the propagation
of new and rare varieties for seed.

Indian Pickle.

This consists of all kinds of pickles
mixed, and put into one large jar—
gherkins, cucumbers, sliced, button
onions, cauliflower broken in pieces, rad-
ish pods, small string beans. Lay them
on platters, and cover with
salt for three days; then scald them
in vinegar for a few minutes, skin out
into the jar. Add a large white cap-
bage into quarters and chop fine, salt
it thoroughly over night, and then add
to the pickles. To one gallon of strong
vinegar put four ounces of race ginger,
scalded, two ounces of whole pepper,
corns, two ounces of allspice, four oun-
ces of turmeric, one pound of the best
mustard. The vinegar and all the
ingredients, excepting the mustard,
must boil together for twenty-five min-
utes. Then strain it into a pan, hold
the mustard into a bowl, and wet it
with vinegar, mixing it until entirely
free from lumps, adding the vinegar in
small quantities. Then mix it with the
vinegar, and pour it all the pickles
into the jar, mixing them well to-
gether. Put them all into the jar and
cover tightly.

How to take Care of China and
Glassware.

In the average household few things
suffer more from ill usage than porce-
lain and glass, especially the finer kinds
of which wars. We copy from the Bos-
ton Journal of Chemistry a few prac-
tical suggestions on the best methods
of cleansing and preserving these fragile
materials:

One of the most important things is
to season glass and china to sudden
change of temperature, so that they
will remain sound after exposure
to sudden heat and cold. This is best
done by placing the articles in cold
water, which must gradually be brought
to the boiling point, and then allowed
to cool very slowly, taking several
hours to do it. The commoner
materials, the more care in this respect
is required. The very best glass and
china is always well seasoned or an-
nealed, as the manufacturers say, before
it is sold. If the wares are properly
seasoned in this way they may be
washed in boiling water without fear
of fracture, except in frosty weather, when
even with the best annealed wares,
care must be taken not to place them
suddenly in hot water. All china
that has any gliding on it may on no
account be rubbed with a cloth of any
kind, but merely rinsed in hot and
afterward in cold water, and then left
to drain till dry. The gliding is very
dull and requires polishing it may now
and then be rubbed with a soft wash
leather and a little dry whiting; but
this operation must not be repeated
more than once a year, otherwise the
glaze will be most certainly rubbed off
and the china spoiled. When the plates,
etc., are put away in the china closet,
pieces of paper should be placed be-
tween them to prevent scratching on
the glaze or painting, as the bottom of
all ware has little particles of sand ad-
hering to it, picked up from the oven
wherein it was glazed. The china
closet should be in a dry situation, as a
damp closet will soon tarnish the glid-
ing of the best crockery.

Preparing and Packing Poultry.

Poultry should be fat, and kept 24
hours from food before killing to have
the crop empty. Food in the crop
sours, blackens the skin, injures the
sale of poultry, and buyers will not
pay for this useless weight. Opening
the vein in

Chaska Valley Herald.

L. DUFFY & CO., Publishers.

CHASKA, MINNESOTA.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

TUESDAY, Nov. 3.—Street violations and prayers at saloons, was recommenced at Washington Court House Saturday. Hon. E. Ramsey Wing, U. S. Minister to Ecuador, died at Anito, Oct. 11th. He was the youngest man that ever represented the government in a foreign mission, being only 30 at the time of his death. ... Joe a small old time in Butler county, Pa., was destroyed by fire Monday evening. Twenty-five dwellings, two drug stores, and several livery stables, were consumed. ... Judge Collins of Toledo, O., has refused the injunction applied for by John Wynn, to prevent interference by Father O'Leary with the funeral in St. Francis D'Sale cemetery of Wynn's wife, a non-communant. ... Gen. A. Shaler, of New York, has finally accepted the position of consulting engineer of the board of trustees of the University of Chicago. ... President Grant has issued his proclamation, naming the 26th day of November next, as a day of thanksgiving and praise. Gov. Allen, of Ohio, has also appointed the same day. ... During a firemen's riot after a fire at Pottsville, Pa., Saturday night, George Major, the chief brother of the city, and Daniel Dougherty were dangerously and probably fatally shot. Several other persons were injured from knives, bludgeons and other weapons.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 4.—At Norwood, Mass., yesterday, George Durham killed his wife and then cut his own throat. ... Joseph Hamilton was hanged in Mercer county, Mo., Friday, for the murder of E. W. Halsey. ... River men report that on the banks of the Ohio river, from fronton to Marietta, a distance of a hundred miles, the forests are on fire. The smoke is so dense on the river as to make navigation impossible. A fire in the pine forests in Fairfield county is still raging fiercely. ... Yesterday was the eighteenth birthday anniversary of Wm. Cullen Bryant, and was remembered by his numerous friends by the bestowal of a rare valued at \$500, to be placed in the Metropolitan museum of art. The vase represents lessons of his literary, journalistic and political life.

THURSDAY, Nov. 5.—Allen's woolen factory, two miles south of Le Sueur, was burned Tuesday night. Supposed to be the work of an incendiary. Loss \$12,000; insurance \$4,000. ... The famous trotting horse, Kitty D., valued at \$30,000, was stolen from its stable at Steubenville, Ohio, Tuesday night. ... Joseph E. Knowlton has been appointed receiver of public moneys at Duluth. ... Mary Johnson and Joseph Milbrough, colored, of New Orleans, were committed to jail yesterday, charged with an attempt to break up a Democratic colored club. This is the first commitment of colored people in Louisiana for violating the Ku Klux act.

FRIDAY, Nov. 6.—Capt. Thos. Wright, a well known steamboat man, died at Memphis Thursday. ... At Rev. Dr. H. con, Roman Catholic Bishop of Portland, Me., died at St. Vincent's hospital, New York, last night. Dr. Bacon had just returned from Europe where he had been traveling several months for his health. ... An official just returned from a visit to the grasshopper region of Nebraska, reports no actual starvation now, but that relief must be given or hundreds will starve before winter is over. The present relief is only a drop in the bucket. ... While riding a sleigh last night over the recent, Democratic victories, at Madison, O., the cannon burst instantly killing a young man named Geo. F. Martin. ... A young man named Corwin, at Moran, Ill., was caught on a buzz saw, and literally saved in two. ... A coach and sleeping car were thrown from the track of the Great Eastern, near Indiana, Pa., near Grand Rapids, Mich., yesterday. Levi Able, of Illinois, was so badly injured that death ensued a few minutes later. Mr. Garrison, road master of the road; L. J. West, F. C. Wesley, of Kalamazoo; Dr. Tona, of Ft. Wayne; and W. C. Wesley, of Big Rapids, were badly though not dangerously injured. Mrs. Teresa Watson, and a little son of D. M. Krommer, of Meadville, Pa., were killed, and probably will die. Some twenty others were more or less injured.

SATURDAY, Nov. 7.—A severe rain and snow storm has been in progress for the past two days, extending from Salt Lake City to the Pacific coast. ... The German, a Catholic priest of Philadelphia, has at peace with the organs of his church. It is also reported that he stole the church funds. ... The Decher-Tilton libel case will be called Monday next in the court at Brooklyn. Frank Moulton is also summoned to appear on that day and plead to the indictment for libel on Mr. Beecher and Miss Proctor. ... The Franklin telegraph company of Massachusetts have leased their lines to the Atlantic and Pacific company for 99 years at an annual rental of \$25,000. ... A negro named Jack Phillips ordered the wife of a planter living near Osceola, Tennessee, Thursday morning. The negro was arrested the next night, taken to Osceola, where the citizens, both white and black, improvised a court, and, after hearing the evidence, took the prisoner out and shot him to death. ... Fires, the work of incendiaries, occurring for two nights in succession at Bucyrus, O., the citizens have organized as vigilantes to protect themselves. ... A number of disastrous fires occurred Friday, involving the loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars. The principal ones were at Cincinnati soap and candle works of Mr. Webb & Co., \$150,000; the main portion of Marcellus Falls, Ontario, Co., N. Y., \$50,000; Parmenter's livery stable at Peoria, Ill., with 70 head of horses, 75 tons of hay and a large number of carriages, buggies, etc., \$50,000. ... Wm. Stevens of Butler county, O., hunting Thursday, accidentally discharged his gun, blowing his arm off, from the effects of which he died Friday. ... Marshal Bessley of Louisiana, and Lieut. Hodgson, have been arrested for contempt of court in refusing to obey a writ of habeas corpus. The Marshal was found secreted in an attic. ... The sisters

of the notorious Tietelbaum claimant have petitioned Queen Victoria for his release. ... The slugs of iron by the Carlists is continued. The besiegers are using petroleum shells, by which many houses have been burned.

MONDAY, Nov. 8.—Wisconsin is Democratic on the Congressional vote by 4,000 majority. ... Another heavy failure is reported in New York: Meade, Murray & Co., with liabilities stated at \$350,000. ... Half a dozen leading citizens of Memphis were arrested Saturday on a charge of violating the enforcement act. ... Charlotte Cushman, the celebrated actress took her farewell of the stage in a native performance at Booth's, New York theatre Saturday afternoon. ... It is reported that Austria, Germany and Russia have united in a demand on Turkey for more personal and religious liberty for Roumania. ... The absconding and eloping Catholic priest from Philadelphia, writes that he left the church because he could not believe in the infallibility of the Pope, but fails to explain why Democratic ticket last August. ... They appeared before the U. S. Commissioner this morning and gave bonds in \$2,000 each for their appearance at the next term of the U. S. Circuit Court. It is said that five hundred similar warrants have been issued.

SOUTHERN DISORDER.
MEMPHIS, Nov. 7.—W. O. Harvey of the firm of Ely, Harvey & Richardson, Frank M. White, of F. M. White & Co., and several other prominent merchants, were arrested last evening by U. S. Marshal L. R. Eaton on warrants charging them with violation of the enforcement act in discharging colored men from their employment for refusing to vote the Democratic ticket last August. They appeared before the U. S. Commissioner this morning and gave bonds in \$2,000 each for their appearance at the next term of the U. S. Circuit Court. It is said that five hundred similar warrants have been issued.

DIPHTHERIA.
Advancing Progress of the Contagious Malady in New York.
(From the New York Herald, Nov. 2.)
Diphtheria is at present alarmingly prevalent in this city, and appears to be ravaging the crowded districts. The victims for the most part have been children, residents of close, crowded tenement-houses, and attending public schools. The very greatest caution should be used to prevent the spread of this contagion, and immediately the nature of the disease is ascertained, the patient should be strictly confined, and kept apart from other human beings. The following statistics will give some idea of the rapid increase of this contagion, and how important it is that steps should be taken to prevent its further progress. The table explains the mortality in the past few weeks:

	1873.	1874.
Diph. Memb. Diph. Memb.		
September 19...	25	13
September 20...	25	17
September 21...	29	9
October 3...	32	42
October 10...	32	42
October 17...	37	50
October 24...	35	61
October 25...		20

The above figures very plainly exhibit a steady increase in the deaths from diphtheria and membranous croup during the past three weeks, and call for some serious attention on the subject. On Staten Island a number of cases have been reported, and in Brooklyn there were seventeen fatal cases of this disease during the week ending Oct. 17. Hudson county, N. J., does not appear to have escaped the contagion, as it lost forty-five from the same malady during the months of July and August. Some rather alarming cases have also been heard of in Richmond, Baltimore and other cities of the South. Charleston has been especially unfortunate, as during the past four or five weeks thirty-three children have died there, seventy per cent. of whom have succumbed to the contagion in the air, but from crowded houses in which the sick were confined. Diphtheria is one of the most infectious diseases that children are prone to catch, and should be treated in a family of five or six residing in some small apartment acquire the complaint, it is more than probable that the rest of the family will be more or less attacked by the loathsome pestilence. In the families of the rich the infected child is always removed into a room by itself, but even then the disease is apt to spread. A well-known physician in Charleston recently lost four children—all victims to diphtheria. A great deal is also to be attributed to want of proper and wholesome nourishment, as children in a weak and sickly condition are very subject to this malady. The stage of the disease most dreaded by the medical faculty is what is known as diphtheritic paralysis, as the patient so affected rarely if ever recovers.

Milwaukee Produce Board, Nov. 6.
Market quiet; hard wheat 95¢; No. 1, 96¢; No. 2, 97¢; No. 3, 98¢; No. 4, 99¢; No. 5, 100¢; No. 6, 101¢; No. 7, 102¢; No. 8, 103¢; No. 9, 104¢; No. 10, 105¢; No. 11, 106¢; No. 12, 107¢; No. 13, 108¢; No. 14, 109¢; No. 15, 110¢; No. 16, 111¢; No. 17, 112¢; No. 18, 113¢; No. 19, 114¢; No. 20, 115¢; No. 21, 116¢; No. 22, 117¢; No. 23, 118¢; No. 24, 119¢; No. 25, 120¢; No. 26, 121¢; No. 27, 122¢; No. 28, 123¢; No. 29, 124¢; No. 30, 125¢; No. 31, 126¢; No. 32, 127¢; No. 33, 128¢; No. 34, 129¢; No. 35, 130¢; No. 36, 131¢; No. 37, 132¢; No. 38, 133¢; No. 39, 134¢; No. 40, 135¢; No. 41, 136¢; No. 42, 137¢; No. 43, 138¢; No. 44, 139¢; No. 45, 140¢; No. 46, 141¢; No. 47, 142¢; No. 48, 143¢; No. 49, 144¢; No. 50, 145¢; No. 51, 146¢; No. 52, 147¢; No. 53, 148¢; No. 54, 149¢; No. 55, 150¢; No. 56, 151¢; No. 57, 152¢; No. 58, 153¢; No. 59, 154¢; No. 60, 155¢; No. 61, 156¢; No. 62, 157¢; No. 63, 158¢; No. 64, 159¢; No. 65, 160¢; No. 66, 161¢; No. 67, 162¢; No. 68, 163¢; No. 69, 164¢; No. 70, 165¢; No. 71, 166¢; No. 72, 167¢; No. 73, 168¢; No. 74, 169¢; No. 75, 170¢; No. 76, 171¢; No. 77, 172¢; No. 78, 173¢; No. 79, 174¢; No. 80, 175¢; No. 81, 176¢; No. 82, 177¢; No. 83, 178¢; No. 84, 179¢; No. 85, 180¢; No. 86, 181¢; No. 87, 182¢; No. 88, 183¢; No. 89, 184¢; No. 90, 185¢; No. 91, 186¢; No. 92, 187¢; No. 93, 188¢; No. 94, 189¢; No. 95, 190¢; No. 96, 191¢; No. 97, 192¢; No. 98, 193¢; No. 99, 194¢; No. 100, 195¢; No. 101, 196¢; No. 102, 197¢; No. 103, 198¢; No. 104, 199¢; No. 105, 200¢; No. 106, 201¢; No. 107, 202¢; No. 108, 203¢; No. 109, 204¢; No. 110, 205¢; No. 111, 206¢; No. 112, 207¢; No. 113, 208¢; No. 114, 209¢; No. 115, 210¢; No. 116, 211¢; No. 117, 212¢; No. 118, 213¢; No. 119, 214¢; No. 120, 215¢; No. 121, 216¢; No. 122, 217¢; No. 123, 218¢; No. 124, 219¢; No. 125, 220¢; No. 126, 221¢; No. 127, 222¢; No. 128, 223¢; No. 129, 224¢; No. 130, 225¢; No. 131, 226¢; No. 132, 227¢; No. 133, 228¢; No. 134, 229¢; No. 135, 230¢; No. 136, 231¢; No. 137, 232¢; No. 138, 233¢; No. 139, 234¢; No. 140, 235¢; 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THE WANT OF OUR DAY.

God give us men! a time like this demands strong minds, great hearts, true faith and honest hands.

Men whom the lust of office does not kill.

Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy.

Men who possess opinion and a will.

Men who have honor, and who will not let it go.

Men who can stand before a denigatio, and damn his treacherous flatteries without winking.

Tell me, men, who live above the log.

In public duty, and in private thinking.

For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds.

Their large professions and their little deeds.

Mingled in selfish strife, lo! Freedom wears.

Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.

DAVE MORDEE'S GHOST.

A Wonderful Story of Yorkshire Superstition.

Gisborne, Yorkshire, Oct. 10.—Throughout the hill-surrounded amphitheatre, in the centre of which the market-town of Gisborne is situated, the practice is prevalent of nailing horse-shoes to doors of dwellings and houses to keep away witches. Everywhere in this historic district, whether by-the-by, the alum manufacture was first introduced to England by Sir Thomas Chaloner, who stole the secret from Rome, in Elizabeth's reign—the folk-lore students of this district, with superstitious credulity, cling to the lingering mementoes of ignorance, but little known to the present generation. However ridiculous some of these superstitions may appear, the present writer is loath to treat them with levity, remembering the kindly sentiment of the old play:

There something in these ancient superstitions which, as it is, our fancy loves.

My host, Watson, of the Roebuck Hotel, a tall, middle-aged, ruddy-faced, bright-witted Yorkshireman, with professional sagacity where a horse bargain is concerned, having listened approvingly and acquiescently to my narrative of the Wilton "Black Art" investigation, published in the *World* of June 28th, says, abruptly:

"You should go and see old Willy Moon, the real estate broker at Saltburn-by-the-Sea. He has a wonderful story of demoniacal experience of his own to relate if you can get him in the talkative mood. Saltburn, the new watering-place, is worth visiting, and it's only five miles distant. I will lend you a horse and trap; you can drive down to-morrow."

Next day, noon found me in Mr. Moon's office. He was at first dry and inquisitive; but an hour afterwards, over a bottle of excellent port, he thawed down, and became sociable and garrulous. Gradually introducing the subject of witchcraft as we afterwards walked along the picturesque terrace garden, he said:

"I had a very extraordinary experience of my own, some years since, not far from here. Take a walk with me, if you have time, up Hols Beck, as far as Marske Mill—the scenery will repay you."

Said my companion, halting:

"Thirty years ago on a November night my poor old friend Bob Raitton and I came down here from Upleatham to spear salmon. It was pouring of course—there's no use in denying it; and if my Lord Zealand's keepers had caught us we would have had no end of trouble. But we were young then, full-blooded and daring; fleet of foot and quick of eye and adept at the spearing business. Many a lordly fish we had captured in this stream before that night, and I remember the interest had made us devil-may-care and defiant."

Bob lit up his torch of splintered pine, tied it to a pole, and held it spluttering, and as we walked away from the mill, while I replaced my shoes and stockings by a pair of wading boots.

"By Jove, Bill!" he cried, "make haste; there's a thundering big fish (male) fish lying in the middle of the stream. He's forty pounds if he's an ounce."

I was soon wading in, armed with a three-pronged spear, and, allowing for reflection, I struck at the superb fish. I knew the depth of the water to a nicety, and I was never so much surprised in my life as when I found that I had missed that stroke. With more deliberate aim I struck again; and I missed again. I struck again and again, and with ever increasing caution and deliberation; but I could not touch that fish. Bob Raitton cursed like a trooper.

"Come out, Willy!" he cried; "take the torch and give me the spear; you're blind as a mole."

We changed places. He struck at the fish a score of times, but he never touched him. I took it in my bones all the time. That's no fish," he said; "there's something uncanny here."

I was unsettled in my own mind; but I had read of optical illusions and that sort of thing and I said to him:

"Let's go higher up the stream to the Angler's Pass and try there."

He was very unwilling; but when I began to gibe him he consented. Would you believe it that when we reached the Angler's Pass—half a mile up, where we're going now—we both saw a precisely similar big-salmon lying head up the stream.

"By the eternal Melchisedech!" cried Bob, "it's the same fish, or devil, or whatever it is!"

Just to cheer him I said I was of a different opinion; but I saw and felt it was the same. Well, a kind of nervous sweat broke out on me, so I repeated to myself, hurriedly, the Lord's prayer, and at the petition, "deliver us from evil," I stepped calmly into the water and made a careful vigorous lunge at the fish. I missed him, however. He moved round about the pool a little, as he had done before, and again settled head-up stream. I struck again and again, but it was no use. I could not touch that fish, although he scarcely seemed to trouble himself to get out of my way. Then growing half mad and desperate, I struck at a stone one-fourth the size of the fish, just to see if my eyesight was right, or not. I hit the stone so violently that I broke one of the prongs off the spear; but I could not touch the fish. Nor was there another fish of any kind to be seen.

It was not until Bob Raitton's torch dropped from his trembling hands into

the water and was extinguished, that either of us noticed the moon was out. Almost at the same moment we heard a rustling and crackling among the leaves and dry, fallen branches over that crag there. Glancing hurriedly up, with the expectation of seeing Lord Zealand's keepers stealing down upon us, we beheld, instead, a large, white ox, looking as if he had just stepped out of a dream, and I shall never forget that ox, nor the feeling of blank consternation that came over me when I saw the animal standing there—away up there, on that narrow shelf.

Remember, I had known the rocky teeth of this savage chasm from boyhood, and I knew then, as you can see now, that no ox could descend that fifty feet of jagged perpendicularity. Yet there he stood, switching his long, bushy tail and contemplating us with his large, shining black eyes.

I stepped out of the stream on the bank here totally oblivious to the equally mysterious fish I had left, and picking up a good sized pebble hurled it up at the beast. It struck the rock close to his nose with a sharp crack that was echoed and re-echoed up and down the gorge, but the brute stood unmoved, switching his tail and steadfastly regarding us.

Bob Raitton spoke not a word, but he moved down the pathway, restless and uneasy like.

I put on my dry shoes and stockings, and, with the broken spear in my hand, followed him. A strange undelineated sensation tingled through my body. I knew I was not superstitious, but I passed through graveyards at midnight for wagers and all that, yet when I turned away homeward and left that strange beast perched on that eyrie of rock, and that shadowy fish lying head up stream, I certainly was possessed with something akin to terror. I had been reading Coleridge, and the lines from the "Ancient Mariner" came rushing through my brain:

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having no turn round
Doth close behind him tread.

"Let us walk a short distance back," said Mr. Moon. Fifty paces or thereabouts brought us to a sharp bend in the precipice. As we turned it he stopped.

"You can still see the shelf-like ledge?" he said, pointing backwards and forwards.

"Distinctly," I replied.

When I reached this spot that night I looked back, as we do now.

"Well, what did you see?" queried I smiling.

"I saw," said he with emphatic earnestness, "the beast walking down the smooth face of that dead rock to the river—walking with the stealthy precision of the wild cat."

"Impossible!" I broke in. "Why, the Alpine Chamois would hardly dare such a descent!"

He does not heed the interruption, but proceeds calmly as before.

I called Bob back, and we stood transfixed with wild surprise—as if turned to stone—until the beast safely reached the stream and crossed it. Then we moved silently round the corner here and swiftly up this weary range of rugged steps to the mill.

Mr. Moon and I were now toiling up the break-neck steps referred to.

When we reached this stile Bob said he would like a smoke, and producing flint and steel, and "match-pot," began to strike a light. As he did so I looked back, and to my horror saw the beast down the pathway there, some thirty steps or so below us.

A maddening impulse instantaneously absorbed me. I grasped the salmon spear and bounded at the brute. In my headlong fury I reached the river-side again before I was aware of it. But I had come apparently not an inch nearer the white ox. As I rushed towards him he somehow glided or floated away from me, just as a dense cloud or a shaw might glide away.

I felt that I had rushed to my doom, and in a paroxysm of rage, goaded to frenzy, I howled or rather shrieked horribly blasphemous execrations at that ghostly form. With morbid intrepidity and disregard of consequences I charged at him again and again. With fiendish malignity I projected a shower of sharp stones at the spectral head. But it was all to no purpose. I could neither touch the white ox with spear or missile.

I called Bob back, and came down the bank, the brute was still standing with his face towards me, switching his tail, his black or red ears sharply pricked up, his short, sharp, polished, black coat of horns pointing defiantly forward, and his large round eyes all aglow with devilish fire.

"Come on, Willy," said Bob, with an oath, "let's get out of this accursed wood."

He was rather exhausted, and leaned on his arm as we clambered up the steps and over the stile out of the wood. Then we were under the open sky, and our home lay westward through the hills again and again. While the sun shone on our faces, and the air was fresh, and the water was clear, and the sky was blue, and the moon was shining in the blue, unclouded firmament, and as we walked away from the wood I felt the reassuring influence of the softly illumined landscape. Bob and I almost jocularly discussed our recent experiences, and I remember saying jokingly to him:

"The gnomes of midnight have been exerting mysterious influences—probably to prevent us porching salmon."

He had evidently been thinking of the witches' scene in Macbeth, for the slowly repeated Banquo's words:

The earth has bubbles, as the water has,
Just then an angry resounding bell low from behind startled us.

Instantly and simultaneously we halted and looked back. Thirty paces behind us stood the mysterious white ox, switching his tail and savagely glaring. A strange dread stole over me as I watched the beastly phenomenon.

"Let us walk backwards," said Bob, "and watch the movements of this accursed apparition."

Linking our arms, with our faces to the brute, we walked backwards awkwardly enough for a hundred paces or so. The animal followed, maintaining the same unvarying distance. We turned our faces and again savagely glared at him, but to experiment; yet we could not gain an inch on our four-footed doppleganger.

We crested another high, narrow, awkward stile, and then a narrow bubbling brook by a narrow plank. The brute followed with an ease and precision appallingly marvelous. We were now in a grass field, our follower at his usual distance, and about as far from the plank as the plank was from the stream.

"By heaven!" said Bob, suddenly;

"this is some trick; some legerdemain business! If that fellow in the beast's skin doesn't feel that spear point before he gets back across that plank and over that stile—well, I'm damned that's all," and he pulled off his strong shoes and his heavy coat.

"He hasn't moved, has he, Bill?" This as he grasped the spear.

"Not an inch."

"Here goes, then."

He darted off with the speed of a wild roe. There were few that could run like Bob Raitton in those days, but he couldn't get a hair's breadth nearer that unvarying animal. It seemed to float along the plank and soar over the stile. When he stopped, breathless, it stopped, and when he slowly came cursing back to me, the beast followed at a uniform distance—standing when he stood—walking when he walked.

I need not unnecessarily prolong the strange story. We had about three miles to travel, but we followed no regular pathway. In the clear moonlight, over hedge and ditch, through turnip fields and over gate, the mysterious quadruped followed us. A five-bar gate was no more trouble to it than a stile and a high stone wall was as easily passed as a plank across a brook.

On the outskirts and at the eastern end of the straggling village of Upleatham at that time, standing on the hill-side where you now see that ventilating shaft of the iron mine beneath, there were the walls of an old dismantled cottage which father had informed me used to be the residence of Dave Mordee—a noted preacher who had lost his life in an affray with a former Lord Dunsass's keepers.

The foot-path which we now followed led close by the standing gate of the ruin. When we reached the ruin, the white ox was standing in the road, as you may imagine, neither of us for half a minute at a time withdrew our glance from the huge thing dogging our footsteps. When, however, we had passed the high stone wall as easily passed as a plank across a brook.

As if by magic, the animal stood on the very apex of the standing gate, with the spear in its mouth.

"Now then," cried Bob, darting back with the spear.

The white ox faded from our sight, even as a vapor fades in the valley before the rays of the morning sun.

We searched the frail walls inside and out. Then we pulled the stable bodily down. There was no chimney, nor was there a nook where a cat could have been concealed. We saw no more of the white ox that night—nor any night since.

"Did Bob and you ever go poaching salmon again at night in Hols Beck?" I inquired.

"No, never; you see we both looked at the night's experience as a sort of warning."

"Dave Mordee's ghost problem!" I said.

"Well, Bob Raitton maintained to his dying day that it was; and for my part I don't see anything more incredible in the theory than many of the so-called spiritual manifestations of the present day."

And perhaps Willy Moon was right.

The Salmon Beck Account.
(From the *Derbyshire Free Press*.)

He was tall and solemn and dignified. One would have thought him a Roman Senator on his way to make a speech on finance, but he wasn't—singularly enough, and "match-pot," began to strike a light. As he did so I looked back, and to my horror saw the beast down the pathway there, some thirty steps or so below us.

A maddening impulse instantaneously absorbed me. I grasped the salmon spear and bounded at the brute. In my headlong fury I reached the river-side again before I was aware of it. But I had come apparently not an inch nearer the white ox. As I rushed towards him he somehow glided or floated away from me, just as a dense cloud or a shaw might glide away.

I felt that I had rushed to my doom, and in a paroxysm of rage, goaded to frenzy, I howled or rather shrieked horribly blasphemous execrations at that ghostly form. With morbid intrepidity and disregard of consequences I charged at him again and again. With fiendish malignity I projected a shower of sharp stones at the spectral head. But it was all to no purpose. I could neither touch the white ox with spear or missile.

I called Bob back, and came down the bank, the brute was still standing with his face towards me, switching his tail, his black or red ears sharply pricked up, his short, sharp, polished, black coat of horns pointing defiantly forward, and his large round eyes all aglow with devilish fire.

"Come on, Willy," said Bob, with an oath, "let's get out of this accursed wood."

He was rather exhausted, and leaned on his arm as we clambered up the steps and over the stile out of the wood. Then we were under the open sky, and our home lay westward through the hills again and again. While the sun shone on our faces, and the air was fresh, and the water was clear, and the moon was shining in the blue, unclouded firmament, and as we walked away from the wood I felt the reassuring influence of the softly illumined landscape. Bob and I almost jocularly discussed our recent experiences, and I remember saying jokingly to him:

"The gnomes of midnight have been exerting mysterious influences—probably to prevent us porching salmon."

He had evidently been thinking of the witches' scene in Macbeth, for the slowly repeated Banquo's words:

The earth has bubbles, as the water has,
Just then an angry resounding bell low from behind startled us.

Instantly and simultaneously we halted and looked back. Thirty paces behind us stood the mysterious white ox, switching his tail and savagely glaring. A strange dread stole over me as I watched the beastly phenomenon.

"Let us walk backwards," said Bob, "and watch the movements of this accursed apparition."

Linking our arms, with our faces to the brute, we walked backwards awkwardly enough for a hundred paces or so. The animal followed, maintaining the same unvarying distance. We turned our faces and again savagely glared at him, but to experiment; yet we could not gain an inch on our four-footed doppleganger.

We crested another high, narrow, awkward stile, and then a narrow bubbling brook by a narrow plank. The brute followed with an ease and precision appallingly marvelous. We were now in a grass field, our follower at his usual distance, and about as far from the plank as the plank was from the stream.

MADAME CATACAZY'S REVENGE.

A Young Lady's Letter Tells Why Attorney General Williams Cannot Have the Russian Mission—A Choice Bit of Society Gossip.

(Communicated to the Missouri Republican.)

A young lady in Washington, writing to a friend in St. Louis, lets out a bit of gossip life among the "very, very select few" who enjoy the confidence of that most amiable and diplomatic lady, the better half of our highly respectable secretary of state. This bit of gossip is communicated with many assurances that it is "awful confidential," and that "a publication of it or even an intimation concerning it in the public prints would create a panic in society here. (Washington)." But the fair purveyor of news is over cautious. The publication of her awful confidential bit of court scandal will not harm anybody, though it will interest a great many people. Moreover it touches upon a subject of international interest, and demonstrates that in the diplomacy of nations as well as in the dealings of individuals, Time calls around occasionally and makes things curious.

The pitiful story of Madame Catacazy is still fresh in the public memory. Her beautiful face has indeed vanished from the salons of the *corps diplomatique*, her quip-like presence is remembered by the members of the capital nor in the galleries of the capitol; her gold-shredded hair no longer outvies the sunshine on the promenade side of the avenue. She is gone back to a life in an affray with a former Lord Dunsass's keepers.

The foot-path which we now followed led close by the standing gate of the ruin. When we reached the ruin, the white ox was standing in the road, as you may imagine, neither of us for half a minute at a time withdrew our glance from the huge thing dogging our footsteps. When, however, we had passed the high stone wall as easily passed as a plank across a brook.

As if by magic, the animal stood on the very apex of the standing gate, with the spear in its mouth.

"Now then," cried Bob, darting back with the spear.

The white ox faded from our sight, even as a vapor fades in the valley before the rays of the morning sun.

We searched the frail walls inside and out. Then we pulled the stable bodily down. There was no chimney, nor was there a nook where a cat could have been concealed. We saw no more of the white ox that night—nor any night since.

"Did Bob and you ever go poaching salmon again at night in Hols Beck?" I inquired.

"No, never; you see we both looked at the night's experience as a sort of warning."

"Dave Mordee's ghost problem!" I said.

"Well, Bob Raitton maintained to his dying day that it was; and for my part I don't see anything more incredible in the theory than many of the so-called spiritual manifestations of the present day."

And perhaps Willy Moon was right.

The Salmon Beck Account.
(From the *Derbyshire Free Press*.)

He was tall and solemn and dignified. One would have thought him a Roman Senator on his way to make a speech on finance, but he wasn't—singularly enough, and "match-pot," began to strike a light. As he did so I looked back, and to my horror saw the beast down the pathway there, some thirty steps or so below us.

A maddening impulse instantaneously absorbed me. I grasped the salmon spear and bounded at the brute. In my headlong fury I reached the river-side again before I was aware of it. But I had come apparently not an inch nearer the white ox. As I rushed towards him he somehow glided or floated away from me, just as a dense cloud or a shaw might glide away.

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"By heaven!" said Bob, suddenly;

"this is some trick; some legerdemain business! If that fellow in the beast's skin doesn't feel that spear point before he gets back across that plank and over that stile—well, I'm damned that's all," and he pulled off his strong shoes and his heavy coat.

"He hasn't moved, has he, Bill?" This as he grasped the spear.

"Not an inch."

"Here goes, then."

government of the United States once secured the recall of a Russian minister on account of some alleged infidelity in his youth, so to speak. (Mem.) Informalities in the same direction are said to have been characteristic of the better help of the attorney-general, whose name is suggested for the Russian mission. General result: Williams might do for an American minister in Russia, but Mr. Williams might not do for an American minister's wife at that court, in view of the peculiar precedents which have been established.

This is a delicate subject. But it is one of those cases where diplomacy shows off at its best advantage. At all events, we suspect that the Washington young lady let out a profound diplomatic secret when she wrote, with charming naivete:

"Do you know why poor Mrs. Williams did not go to Russia? I can tell you. It was because Mrs. Fish would not let Madame Catacazy stay here. You know the rest. But this is awful confidential. If a word of it should get into the public prints there would be a panic in society here."

We trust there will not be any panic. Apart from its plausibility as gossip, the story belongs to current history, because it seems to have exercised an influence in determining the conduct of important public affairs. Generally speaking, the Russian mission is a diplomatic policy of the United States towards the Russian empire is too big a subject to be locked up in the mysteries of select tea-parties, or consigned to the secret oblivion of a young lady's letters.

Legend of William Penn.

As celebrations of various historical events are being fashionable, Mr. Adler writes as follows: Some of us down on the Delaware are preparing to celebrate in November, the anniversary of the arrival of William Penn and the signing of his treaty with the Indians. The treaty deserves to be celebrated, for under it William gouged over three million acres of land out of the savages in exchange for a couple hundred dollars' worth of hatchets, plug tobacco and tannery nails. This was the beginning of our present Indian policy.

We carry on the same noble system yet. I have been burningish up my antiquarian studies for the anniversary, and among other things, I have resurrected a legend of William Penn, which may be valuable. Never mind where I dug it up. Here it is:

Soon after landing Penn is said to have inspired a tender passion in the breast of a beautiful Indian maiden, and for some time it was considered probable that the two might be joined together in matrimony; but this was not to be, as the reason why it was not to be explained in the following conversation, which occurred between the lovers one evening while they were sitting upon the bank of the river. The maiden said to him:

"Dear William, I love to have you become as one of our people, and I want you now to let me adorn you with earrings and to fasten this ring to your nose, so that you may appear as noble as the other braves."

"Excuse me, darling," he said; "but I haven't time to do that. The yearly meeting won't allow it."

"But you will come to our council fire to-night, won't you not, and join with the chief and warriors in dancing about our captives, who will be tied to the stake? I know you will come."

Well, if it makes no difference to you, I believe I will. I don't dance; it's against my discipline."

"Ah, then, I will tell you what you shall do. You shall sit by the great tree and beat the war drum and make the fierce music of battle. You can surely do that?"

"Upon the whole, I really don't think I can. You see I'm down on the fierce music of battle. I'm opposed to music of any kind, and particularly to that which is hammered out of a war drum. No, I'll have to beg off."

"But at least you will go with me to the lodge of the medicine man and see him perform his wonderful feats of magic!"

"I'm afraid I'll have to contradict you again, my love. Our folks have testified again to places of amusement. I'd be disciplined, sure as fate, if I do it. Can't do it, sweet, anyhow you fix it."

"Too bad! too bad! But you will not object, I know, to letting me into your treasures and fix them into each crest as our braves wear proudly upon their heads. This you cannot refuse me."

"Now see here, my dear, do be reasonable. You know that I can't let you do that. You certainly must know that I can't allow you to do my hat. Why it's absurd."

"I do not understand the ways of your people. But I am willing to submit to you if you know that you love me. You do love me, William, do you not? Swear that you love me. Swear by your moon—no, the moon is not out—swear by your stars that you will never cease to love me."

"I'm afraid I'll have to get our book of discipline and read it to you. When you've perused it a couple of times, swear that you love me. Swear by your moon—no, the moon is not out—swear by your stars that you will never cease to love me."

Then she arose, looked at him a moment with ineffable scorn and fled into the trackless forest. So that match was off, and William Penn was left desolate. This is as much of the legend as I have scraped up so far. If it seems to interest antiquarians, may be I can excavate the rest of it.

Refusing a Large Fee and Taking a Smaller One.

(From the *New York Medical Record*.)

Velpeau, the French surgeon, had successfully performed, on a little child five years old, a most perilous operation. The mother came to him and said:

"Monsieur, my son is saved, and I really know not how to express my gratitude. Allow me, however, to present you this pocketbook, embroidered by my own hands."

"Oh, madame," replied Velpeau, sharply, "my art is not merely a question of feeling. My life has its requirements like yours. Dress, even, which is a luxury to you, is necessary for me. Allow me, therefore, to refuse your charming little present in exchange for a more substantial remuneration."

"But, Monsieur, what remuneration do you desire? Fix the fee yourself."

"Five thousand francs, madame."

The lady very quietly opened the pocketbook, which contained ten thousand francs in notes, counted out five, and after politely handing them over to Velpeau, retired. Imagine his feelings!

These

NEWS OF THE WEEK

of Death to Pain, try it and be satisfied for yourself. Your money will be refunded if you are not. See advertisement.

DROWNED.
[The London World offers every month a prize of 10 guineas worth of books for the best poem on a given subject. We have just received a prize for October.]
The flashing light-house beacon pales before
The ruddy harvest-moon's intenser ray.
That lullies, and changes into sparkling ore,
Its stones of granite gray.
Round the tall bridge the greenly ripple laps,
As with the ebbing tide they softly swing.
A shore-belted sea-bird slowly flaps
His strong-plumed, dusky wing.
The pier-lights, imaged on the waters, melt
To silver pillars, such as visions glow
Of palaces where fabled Calypso dwelt
In legends long ago.
A single boat steals down the moonlit track,
Through the still night its oar-strokes echo far;
Pringed with clear light, the outline sharply black
Heaves on the harbor-bar.
What strange freight lifts it? Yonder heavy sail
Covers some form of blured and shapeless dead,
Deadly dead!
Rule is the pall, but fitted well to veil
The ocean's ottested dead.
His name, his story? Vain it were to guess,
But short to sum a wail, a mystery;
Death's mocking gloss upon life's loveliness;
A secret of the sea.

OLD THEATRE NIGHTS.
Reminiscences of Favorite Actors and Actresses of "The Olden Time"
—The Story Told by a Collection of Old Play Bills.
[From the New York World.]
There is a big red book—a big book bound in red—occupying a place of honor in Browne's Fifth Avenue Chop-house, in this city, which will draw the attention of the theatrical visitor. In fact, to the old New Yorker, or the young New Yorker, who wishes to be reminded of "the old," to the historic, or to the man or woman of dramatic tastes and instincts, there is no more interesting volume in the metropolis. And yet its contents are simple enough, consisting almost solely of "old play bills," but these old play-bills are full of rich old flavor, and are full of such once famous names—some names still famous—that, taken as a whole, they read like a volume of the pleasure-history of old New York.
Looking at these old play-bills generally you are struck with some characteristic differences which distinguish them from the play bills of the present time. They are all long and narrow, inferior in paper, printing, typography, and "style," to those of our day, but then they are clearly printed in large type, which is not always the case with our more modern "programmes." Then the good old words "play" and "farce" are to be found in them. Now-days everything is a "drama" or a "comedy." The word "play" is practically a term not found in the vocabulary of the theatre. "Combination bills" were in vogue of the olden time—a tragedy, musical interlude, and farce, or tragedy and farce, with comic song—were common bills of the olden time. The performance often began at 7 or 7:20 o'clock at the very latest, and the scale of prices ranged from the pit at a shilling to the dress circle at 75 cents. The highest single admissions were \$1, and private boxes were held at \$5—the rule being "first come, first served, no speculators, and no extra charges for reserved seats."
In those times, too, when the old play bills in this red book were new, the salaries of "professionals" were almost ludicrously small, judged by present standards.
One of the most curious and interesting of the old theatrical MSS. extant in this city and preserved in this book is a theatrical salary list of the olden time. This sheet of the fourteenth week of the forty-ninth season of the old Park Theatre. This sheet speaks eloquently, in its names and figures, of the past, though it had been long dead and buried. First on the salary list comes the name of Edmund Simpson, lessee and acting manager, a man who was wont to appear on the stage himself occasionally, and who, as the present manager, was "the pet of the public." He got \$50. Two nights, \$200 would be considered hardly adequate compensation. Then comes the name of Mr. Thomas Barry. This gentleman is still living, though now very old. His second wife was in Wallace's company a few years ago. Third comes Charles Barry, the celebrated actor of Mrs. Bateman's play of "Self," which is just down at \$35. Then is inscribed the name of John Dyott, who received \$34. Mr. Dyott is still living, has a place near New Rochelle, and has retired from the stage, and is in comfortable circumstances. Number five on the salary list is (George Barrett, "Gentleman George," as he was familiarly called, a clever comedian, a man and a clever actor; Gentleman George received \$30 a week. There were two actors of the name of Andrews on the list; one G. Andrews, was a fine performer, a celebrated *Bob Zirk*, and as a Yorkshireman the rival of old Lyndner Thompson. His talents and experience were appreciated at \$25 a week. The second was A. Andrews who was rated at \$15. This gentleman was a painter as well as a performer, and was known in his day as the "artist actor." Then there was a Mr. Sutherland, who afterwards abandoned the stage and became a physician. He had a daughter, who, true to her parent's original instincts, became an actress, and is now professionally known as Ione Burke. Mr. Sutherland received \$25 a week.
John Fisher, Mrs. Vernon's brother, received \$20; Sidney Pearson, the singer, \$10; and Mr. James Starke, \$15. The last mentioned gentleman is still living. The career has been a checkered one, truly. He was at one time a California favorite, and became rich—was full of business plans and energy. Then he was suddenly paralyzed, and upon his recovery was obliged to assume a subordinate rank in his old profession. For awhile he was attached to the company of Booth's theatre in this city. Finally on this old salary sheet in the name of Frank Chanfrau, who is therein estimated at \$15. Mr. Chanfrau would now be dis-satisfied with fifty times that sum, but he was very glad to get his \$15 then.

Among the ladies named on the list is Mrs. Knight, the present Mrs. Hind, who received \$25 weekly. And comes the late Mrs. Vernon, who received \$20. Mrs. Abbott, the wife of the comedian, had \$18, and the ladies' list was completed by Miss Fanny Gordon and Miss Kate Horn, who were paid each \$12 weekly. Miss Horn was regarded as the prettiest actress of her day, was a reigning toast among the young bloods of old New York, and finally settled down and married the manager of the Montreal Theatre. She is now a widow, and resides in Canada. The "call boy" in those days received \$4. The leader of the orchestra, a Mr. Chubb, was paid \$25, and the "vaers" \$5 each.
One curious fact worth noting is that in those days the system of "fines" was in force, and this salary list shows several instances of it. Mr. Thomas Barry, the leading man, is therein fined \$15, nearly one-third of his salary. Charles Bass is fined \$5. Several minor members of the company are fined one-half their small salaries, and in two cases the fines imposed are as severe. One man, named De Jonge, whose salary is \$15, is fined \$15; and another man, named Gallot, whose salary is \$12, is fined \$14, or \$2 more than his fine charged against them, but the act is due to their better behavior or the gallantry of the box-office officials there is at present no clew.
The manager got a good deal for his money then, however, as is rendered evident by an inspection of the play bills of the period.
Look, for example, at "the combination" that much abused phrase, which is announced for one of the early benefits of Miss Charlotte Cushman. Mr. Charles Kean, Miss Cushman and Mrs. Fitzwilliam are announced for the same evening—the two former in a Shakespearean tragedy, the latter in an afterpiece. The bill was "a variety bill" truly, beginning with "Macbeth," with a most superb cast, then a comic act in character, then a farce, then a comic song, and last, another and capital farce, "State Secrets" capitally cast.
Occasionally in looking over these old play bills, one is struck with a sense of the "olden time." "Lady of Lyons," or "Money," but his less familiar pieces. Thus on the "last night of Richard Hamblin" he is announced as Richard Darvil, "Ernest" as Tely, and as Debrahe, the Egyptian, in "Last Days of Pompeii." Mrs. Shaw, the beautiful Mrs. Shaw, being the Alice Darvil and the Nydia. Then there was a Dickens night, far excellence, which were played "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby." In the first place Placide played Bumble, Mr. Peter Richings was Bill Sykes, Mr. William Winesly was Toby, and Miss Cushman Nancy Sykes. The Fagin of the piece was Mr. Chippendale, who did not make much of the character, however—it was reserved for a late day to witness the Fagin of the late James Wallack, and the Sykes of E. L. Davenport. The drama of "Oliver Twist," as played in these early days, had twenty-five characters and sixteen scenes.
"Ticket nights" were laughing nights in the olden time. One bill of a ticket night promises "My Neighbor's Wife," "The Will," and "The Unfinished Gentleman," with Placide, Richings, Fisher, Wheatley, Mrs. Chapman, Wheatley and Mrs. Vernon in the casts.

Be Neighboring.
It is easier to be neighborly now-a-days than in the good old time of the pioneers. Our fathers and mothers, too, have doubtless ridden to church on horses many a time going, perhaps, ten miles to worship God at a neighbor's cabin. Neighbors were scarce. Perhaps it was because they were not so plenty in the olden time as they are now, that they were so highly valued. When it is ten miles to a church, and forty miles to a mill or a blacksmith shop, to be a good neighbor is not only a virtue but a necessity. The first settlement of a country is the best illustration of this. A large scale that has yet been given of practical co-operation. The principle is not carried out, however, to the distribution of results, which are brought about by co-operative effort. The country was a new, sparsely settled country naturally thinks more of the neighborly quality than an older one. One of the settlers used to have a saying: "A man always takes his neighbors with him wherever he goes." And he was fond of telling this anecdote:
"Some two years ago two men emigrated west. They put up over night together at the same tavern near where they had their land. Their host, a jolly Boniface, inquired as to their purposes.
"I am going to settle over in the bottom," said one, and I came to get out of our troublesome neighbors."
"You will have bad neighbors over in the bottom," said the landlord.
"I am going to settle over in the bottom," said the other traveler. "But I have had more bad neighbors down east, so small, and I have a large family to support. My regret in leaving my old home is that I must bid good-bye to many good neighbors."
"How is that?" inquired the other traveler, "when I was going to the same neighborhood?"
"Simply," replied Boniface, "that a man always takes his neighbors with him wherever he goes."
This bit of pioneer philosophy, though quaintly put, is founded on truth. Men who have good qualities themselves bring out good qualities in others.
The extreme low prices now made upon almost all kinds of Dry Goods in the St. Paul market, should not be passed over by our readers without their taking advantage of it, and thus offset the low prices at which wheat is now selling. The expense of getting goods from St. Paul by freight or express is a trifle compared with the advantage gained in price, and especially so if farmers club together and send their orders. Messrs. D. W. Ingersoll & Co. are doing a large business in just this way, and are sending goods to all parts of the State.
We speak of Ingersoll & Co. because they are known all over the State, and have given much time and attention to this order business and can be relied upon. They will send samples to any one wishing to buy, and we advise such to send and see what can be saved in this way.

A JAPANESE WOOING.
Queer Styles in the Far Orient.
(Rev. J. L. Atkinson in Dubuque Times.)
My servant man, Keji, wants to be married to-morrow night. In the first place, Japanese like, he sent a friend to find out "if I should be very much troubled if he should take a wife." I expressed myself as to that in language agreeable to the Bible, human nature, and the laws of Iowa. The next inquiry was, would I advance a month's wages for the go-between fee, and other incidentals. This was rather serious, considering that he receives the sum of \$4.50 per calendar month, and boards himself! I must consider a while, and in the meantime suggested to "the friend" that he advise the Keji to wait till the 1st of November, by which time he could save enough money, if he were careful, to have a genuine feast, and then he would have wages for living expenses. Pretty soon Mr. Keji himself appeared, the friend having in his mind proved a failure, and then and there pleaded his own cause. The case was a compact and solid core of truth that without great shame to himself he could not break it, and would not I advance him the money, and so prevent his shame and disgrace, and his friend's. I said that Keji, but I thought it not best to advance money just then, and hence said that as my wife was out, and as I should like to consult her about it first, I would reserve her consent to this thing for a knowledge of what I would do. Pretty soon a Japanese lady presented herself—a gentleman came the first time—and at once proceeded to endeavor to interest her in the subject. I looked at the lady, and she looked at me. She thought that if he were married he wouldn't be running off to town, and on the contrary would be a very faithful servant. She said that Keji, having seen the lady he was negotiating for, was intensely desirous to consummate the union. And this is the way of it: Keji is poor, in that he has no reserve, hence must do this thing in a small quiet way. Wishing a wife, he learned that a friend knew of a lady of eighteen summers (counting as the Japanese count age, but only seventeen according to our standard), and he thought the attraction of the lady so beautiful as to quite carry away Mr. Keji and cause him to long for her sweet presence.
"Will you do the business for me?" was the next thing in order. To this the response was favorable, and so very soon the mediator found his way to the house of the young lady and the ear of her parents. (The presence and ear of the young lady are considered of no importance in Japan.) In due time the bargain was closed. Just what it is in his case I do not know; but the advance money to parents and mediator or go-between. The bargain or covenant is all made, and needs only a little money to seal it for aye. If I give it to him this eve he will put the money in his pocket, and then on the night the mediator, with a government officer, a sort of registrar, will proceed to the house of the bride. The contract of the parents will be recorded, with their names, sex, and date of birth. At 6 o'clock p. m., the mediator, the officer, the parent, and the bride will send their way to Mr. Keji's room, which is on our premises. He, anxiously waiting, will come to the door, and hasten to welcome them in the most self-dubbing and elaborate terms, and with overwhelming bows and prostrations, all of which will be returned in kind by the bride party.
For some preliminary (which I shall leave to Mr. Keji to tell) to the wedding, as I hope to be, the officer will record the fact of the bringing of the bride to Mr. Keji's house, together with the names of the present company. After this there will be an elaborate supper as Mr. Keji can possibly provide, together with as little (or much) of the best sake the country can furnish. Disposing of the supper and much tobacco, the go-between, the officer, and the parents, and relatives, probably, will return to their homes and leave Mr. and Mrs. Keji alone. Mr. Keji will be all the more necessary from the fact that they haven't exchanged a word as yet, and from the fact that she does not know him from Adam, except by his name. It is a strange way of wooing, and a sad one, and I hope we shall be able to teach them better things as the years go by. A good spell of courting isn't a bad thing for two people who are to live together. Mr. Keji may learn to know "how good and how pleasant it is!"
Having written the preceding, I laid down my pen for the night. Resuming this morning, I am under the necessity of recording the fact that the course of true love does not run any smoother in Japan than it does in America.
Last evening I advanced Mr. Keji's wages to the end of the present month, only, but the balance of the sum needed was forthcoming from the lady I mentioned yesterday. Early this morning I met the same lady, who informed me that her services had been required at the house of the bride that is to be; and that the consultation did not cease until 3 o'clock this morning, and that even then the covenant was not sealed by the presentation of the money. She hopes, however, that to-night, the conference beginning at 8 o'clock, all difficulties will be removed, and that the bride will be forthcoming to-morrow night. The occasion of the need of that worthy Japanese lady's services and the delay of the wedding is this:
Another fellow had his eye on the same girl, and was intending to negotiate for her himself, without consulting her wishes, however, in the least. He heard of Mr. Keji's advances, and hastened into the presence of the family to forestall his rival. Expressing his solicitude for the welfare and happiness of the whole family, and his special anxiety in the present aspect of affairs relative to the daughter, and because of that solicitude and special anxiety having been induced to make rapid march into the character and abilities of the prospective son-in-law, and having found that the gentleman's name and career would not bear abundant light, he warned the family to abstain from their proceedings, and to draw back from the unfortunate covenant before it was everlastingly too late. Naturally the parents were alarmed, and a long and general consultation was necessary. The lady I have spoken of appeared in behalf of Mr. Keji, the troubled "weld-be." She proceeded to show up the motives of the vile speaker of lies, and to hold forth the

virtues of Mr. Keji, in most attractive forms; and I have no doubt that she did both with a right good will. As a result of her vindication of Mr. Keji, herself, and the parental residence this evening at 8 o'clock, at which time the covenant will be formally completed. This done, the bride will, to-morrow evening, in company with go-between, relatives, and friends, send their way to Mr. Keji's humble abode, and there celebrate and consummate the wedding.
I forgot to remark in the proper place, however, in the young lady herself does not believe the reports of evil concerning Mr. Keji, but does, on the contrary, most earnestly desire to come to his abode and dwell with him. The lady telling me this glad tidings with evident pleasure, and with a sort of feeling, I think that she herself had been pretty skillful in the defense. There is no doubt that the go-between had quite wrought on the young and tender heart by his representations of Mr. Keji, and of his burning desire to possess her. All of which goes to show that, if any one proposes to do that, he must be prepared to do it with a good deal of skill, and a great deal of courage. I ought also to have remarked that Mr. Keji has reached the mature age of twenty-one, according to my lady informant. And now I must close for this time, and to record the marriage accomplished, for the joy and information of our lady readers but, unfortunately, the steamer that will speed this to America will leave this port this afternoon at an early hour.

DEJAZET.
The Great French Actress—A Sketch of Her Career—Some Anecdotes.
While passing through a small provincial town, where she stopped for the night, she heard that the favorite actress of the strollers, who had played at the theatre of the town, had been there that morning, and she had been unable to leave her chair. The actress' benefit was announced to take place the same evening, and she had been so busy in the morning, that she had been unable to pay her debts and to provide a sufficiency for her support during the last summer vacation. Mlle. Dejazet said that one of her pieces was announced. She ran to the theatre, and she found that the part of the strolling actress was announced to fill. Nobody knew her at the theatre, and the manager replied: "What a thing cannot be thought of! We shall be obliged to you to play the part of the strolling actress." She rejoined: "You are mistaken. Put a paper bar on your bills, write on it that Mlle. Dejazet of the Palais Royal Theatre will take your actress' place." 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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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EAST MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

BY

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No. 6, main street, north of Bridge Square,
keeps constantly on hand choice Wines, Liquors
and Cigars. Give me a call, and try some ten
year old bourbon.

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Keeps on hand the choicest Wine, Liquor
and Cigars. If you want a good cigar or a
good drink, give me a call. Come and try
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Boarding House.

CHASKA, MINN.

Unintended has opened a first class
boarding house, and is now prepared to
serve. It keeps boarders, tourists and travelers
in style. Good stabling attached to the
house. July 2nd 1878.

JACOB BYHOFER, Prop.

SUMMONS.

State of Minnesota, }
County of Carver, }

District Court, 8th Judicial Dist.

Sarah A. S. Farmer vs. William A. Farmer.

The State of Minnesota to the above named

Defendant.

You Wm. A. Farmer are hereby summoned

and required to answer the complaint in

heretofore filed in this court, to wit: That

you have failed to answer the complaint

in this action which has been filed in the

office of the Clerk of said Court in Chaska

County, Minnesota, and to serve a copy of your

answer to the said complaint on the subscriber,

within the time specified in the said

complaint, and if you fail to do so, the

plaintiff will apply to the Court for the

relief demanded in the said complaint.

Dated Sept. 10th 1878.

BAXTER & PECK,
Plaintiffs Attorneys, Chaska Minn.

SHERIFFS EXECUTION SALE.

Under and by virtue of an execution issued

out of and under the seal of the District Court

in and for the county of Carver in the State of

Minnesota on the 23rd day of September, A. D.

1878 wherein James McKnight is Plaintiff and

J. J. Buck is defendant in favor of said plaintiff

and against said defendant for the sum of two

The Weekly Valley Herald

TERMS, \$1.50 Per Annum.

NUMBER 16

CHASKA, MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26 1874

VOLUME 13

A. I. DU TOIT & CO., Proprietors.

The Valley Herald

Official County Paper.

A. I. DU TOIT, Publisher.

H. A. CHILD, Editor.

CONGRESS.

Congress meets on Monday the 1st

of December, and will be in session

until the 4th day of March next, when

the most of the present members will

retire to private life.

Without doubt many will spend their

time, as they did last session, making

bumper speeches never to be read ex-

cept by a few personal friends of the

author. But if each member would go

there with the full determination to la-

bor for the interests of the whole coun-

try, and not especially for the interest

of a few friends, his own district or even

his own state, much might be accom-

plished to better the condition of every

person in the country.

If congress at the next session would

fix upon a time when the government

would resume specie payment, and also

amend the tariff laws so as to make it a

tariff for revenue only, and leave the

manufactures and all other protected

capitalists to shirk for themselves, the

same as farmers always have, within a

few years this country would be in a

more prosperous condition than it has

been for years past.

We do not expect there would be

such fortunes made in a day as there

has been in the past, or that a few men

would have all the wealth in their town,

county or state, which is the aristocratic

and republican idea of prosperity, but

that every one who was industrious,

would have all the necessities of life

and some of its luxuries.

That country is the most prosperous

where the wealth is the most equally

divided among all its citizens, and if

congress will recognize that fact, and

amend the tariff laws, so as to give the

farmers, laborers, and mechanics an

equal show with the manufacturers and

capitalists, they will be the most in-

dependent class of people in the world.

Will congress do anything for our

country, or will each member labor en-

tirely for his own financial interest?

Next March we shall be able to inform

our readers but a change in the course

of legislation can not be expected of the

present congress.

Contest in 2d Dist.

It is reported, that Hon. E. St. Julien

Cox intends to contest the election of

H. B. Strait, to congress in this district.

One of the reasons assigned

is, that Monongalia county still exists,

and was not legally consolidated with

Kandiyohi.

If Mr. Cox was legally elected, and

by fraud is counted out, we sincerely

hope he will contest the election of Mr.

Strait and obtain his seat in congress.

But if the reason above stated is the only

one, it is simply technical.

Messrs. Cox, Strait and all their friends

went into this contest, believing old

Monongalia county to be a part of Kan-

diyohi and in this district, and all the

voters believed they belonged in this

district and voted in good faith.

It is not justice or right to disen-

franchise 300 voters on a mere technical-

ity, neither do we desire to see democrats

adopt the principle of republicans, by

contesting elections and take advantage

of the prejudices of a party majority to

give them the office, in direct opposition

to the expressed will of the people.

The total number of pensioners of all

classes in the United States on the 30th

day of June 1874, was 236,241. The

aggregate annual rate of pensions at the

same time, was \$26,354,071.16.

Only 102,457 of the above number

were soldiers in the last war, and 107,

516 of them are widows and dependent

relatives of the same.

This bridge across the Mississippi

river at St. Paul is now "free" and ev-

erybody in St. Paul is happy.

Hon. Aaron Goodrich's attack on the

name of Christopher Columbus, is creat-

ing a great excitement among historians,

and all those who have been taught to

revere the memory of Columbus.

Legislative Caucus.

The St. Paul Press is getting excited

over the "rumored plot to disorganize

the Republican Legislative caucus" and

calls it "infamous treachery to every

principle of political honor" for a repub-

lican paper to advocate the repudiation

of "King Caucus."

We have always considered those

party caucuses in legislative bodies, as

subversive of the very principles of a

republican form of government, and be-

lieve those principles to be far greater

interest, to republicans even, than

party fidelity.

When one third of the members of

the Legislature elect a Senator or make

laws, where are the principles of repub-

licanism except as manifested in the

party which has assumed the name of

republican. Instead of allowing the ma-

jority to decide those matters King Ca-

ucus says: a majority of my party will do

it.

Tiz official canvass of votes for con-

gressmen was made Monday evening,

resulting as follows:

Dunnell's majority, 2,995

Strait's majority, 221

King's majority, 2,319

Total republican majority, 5,585

Hon. E. St. Julien Cox and his At-

torney John M. Gillman appeared before

the canvassing board and objected to

the votes being counted from Lincoln

county, and twelve towns of Kandiyohi

county.

Messrs. L. M. Brown and Horace Aus-

tin appeared for Hon. H. B. Strait and

insisted that the vote should be count-

ed, and they were counted, giving Mr.

Strait the majority above stated.

A company has been organized at

Anoka with a capital stock of \$125,000

for the purpose of building and operat-

ing a cotton mill. May the enterprise

be successful.

Wm. have always known the Radical

office-holders of Louisiana to be pos-

sessed of more than the average amount

of "cheek," but the cool and brazen

manner in which they have captured

the returns of whole parishes in a body,

even taking them from the office of the

Secretary of State, and decorating them

to meet their schemes and ambitions, is

a display of the simon pure article that

we were hardly prepared for, even from

that source. And this "the party of

purity" Heaven save the mark.—Pit-

coner.

—W. S. King, more familiarly known

as Bill King, says he is in favor of "a

tariff protecting all American indus-

tries," which causes Dunnell, to ex-

claim:

"Lord, Lord, that such worms should

live in the minds of men and those men

be elevated to high offices! Bill evi-

dently thinks that when the farmer sells

wheat at the world's price and buys all

he needs at two prices, that he is "pro-

tectcd" to the amount that he is robbed

of. That is probably the way Bill in-

tends to protect the general government.

How in the name of thunder, William,

can you protect any part of American

industry except at the expense of Amer-

ican industry? If you increase the

price of domestic manufactures, (and

that is what "protection" and "encour-

agement" mean, and nothing else,) who

pays that increased price, the American

who buys the goods or the Englishman

who don't buy them? And how will

you increase the prosperity of the whole

population by taking the money of one

half and giving it to the other half?

We can see that the men who get are

richer, and the men who give are poorer,

but the sum total of the wealth of

the community, it seems to us, remains

the same. Why, William, you might as

well say that the highwayman enriches

the traveler he robs, and protects and

encourages him with his little pistol."

The House of Representatives

